MUSIC
SEMINAR
M
1774
P6

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POWERS

Musical Cabinet

for the

GERMAN FLUTE FLAGEOLET OR VIOLIN

VOL. I

Pr. 3-6

Published at W Powers (41) Westmorland Street and at J Powers (34) Strand

DUBLIN

LONDON

3036

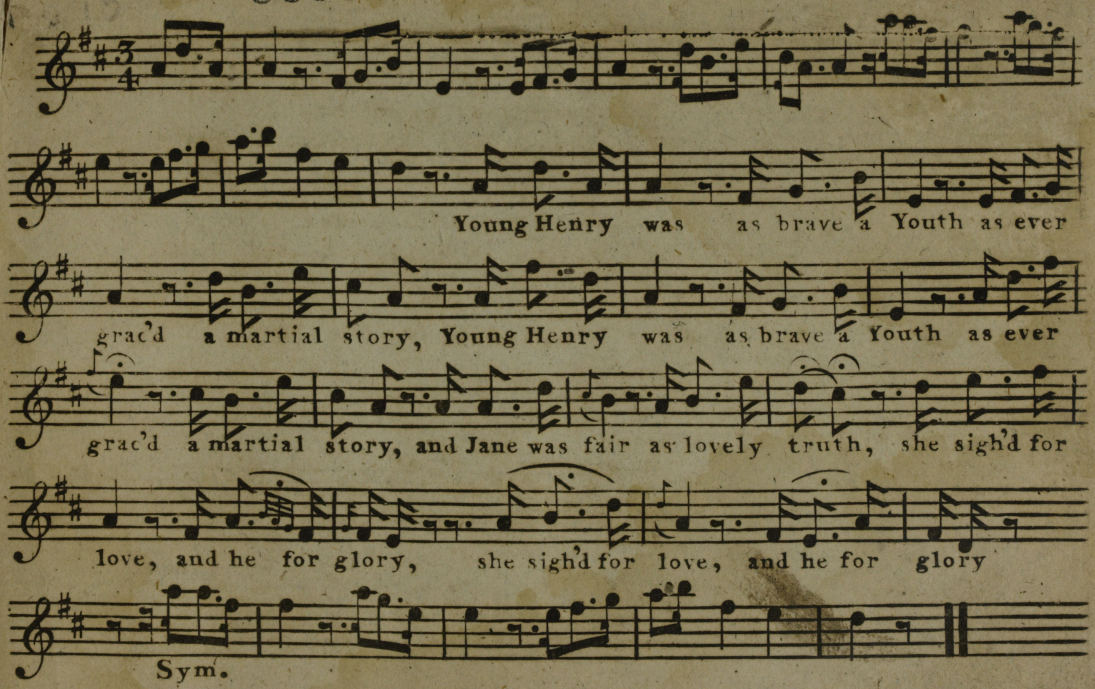
1810

MUSIC SEMINAR
Rare Small M 1774 .P6

88360

LOVE & GLORY.

Braham.



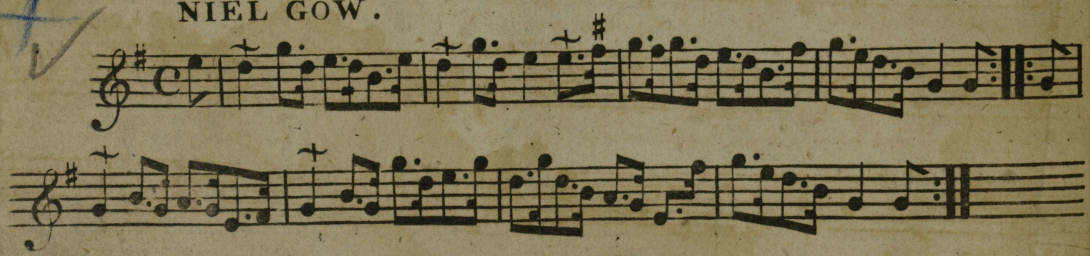
Volti.

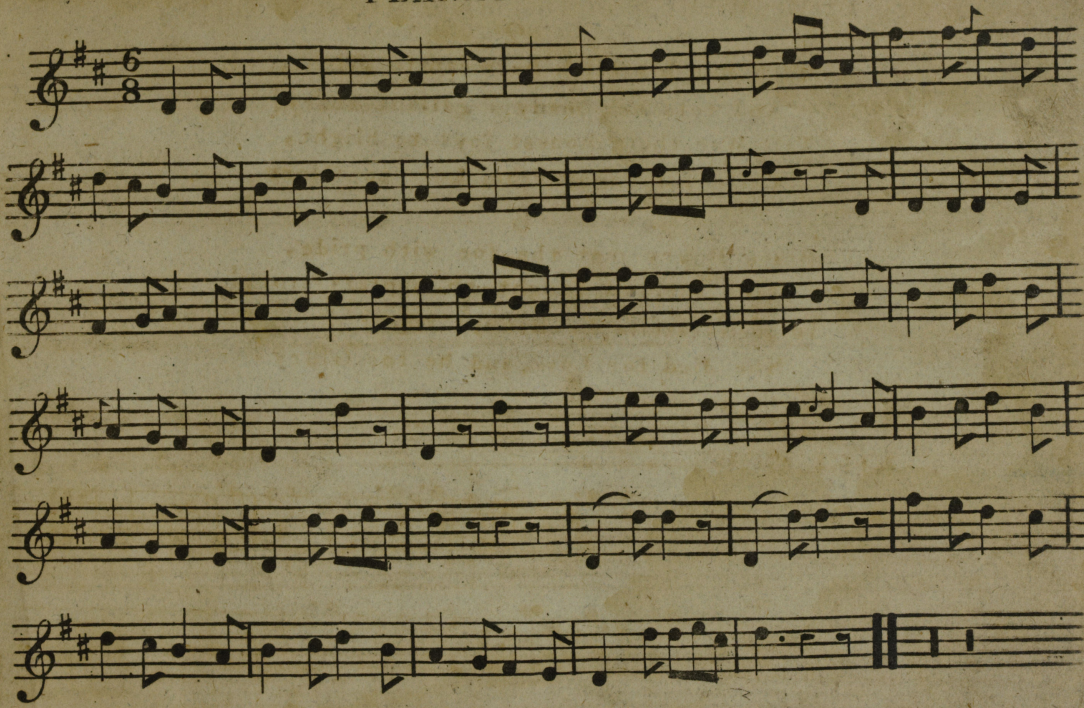
2

With her his faith he meantto plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
'Till War their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from Love to Glory.

3

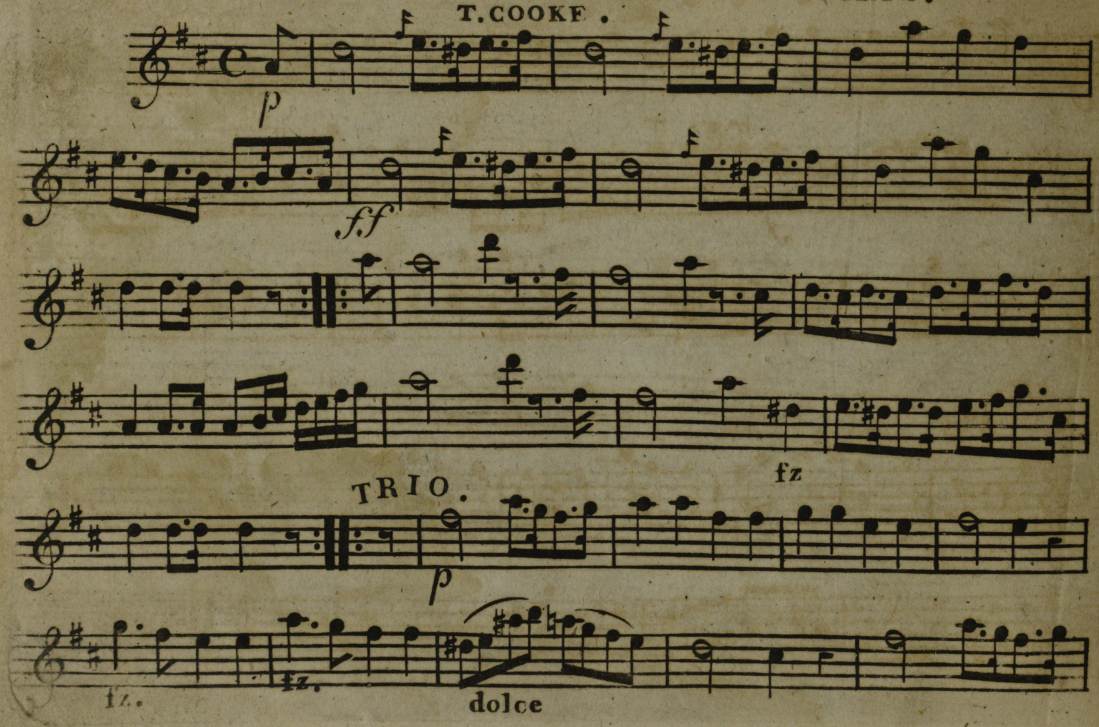
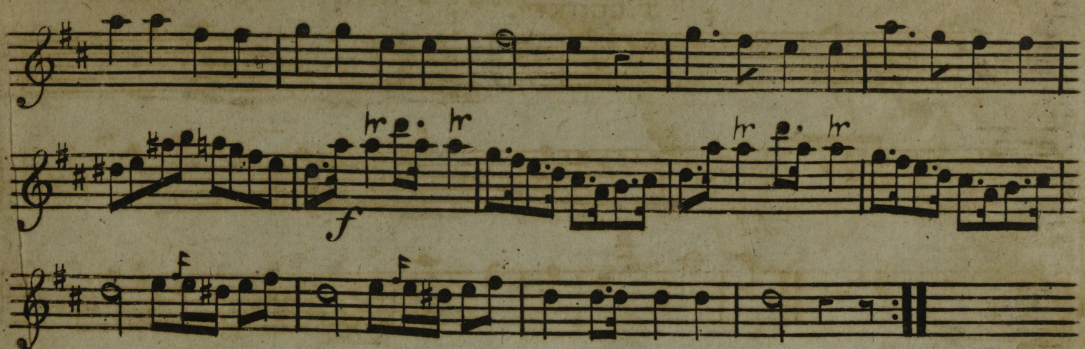
Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane follow'd, fought, ah! haplefs story!
In men's attire, by Henry's side
She died for Love, and he for Glory!

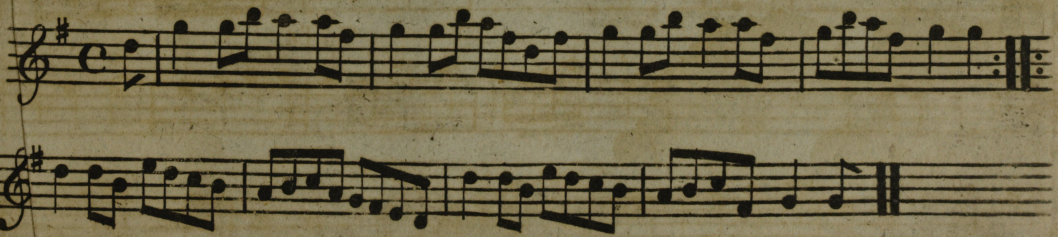
NIEL GOW.

PLANXTY KELLY.

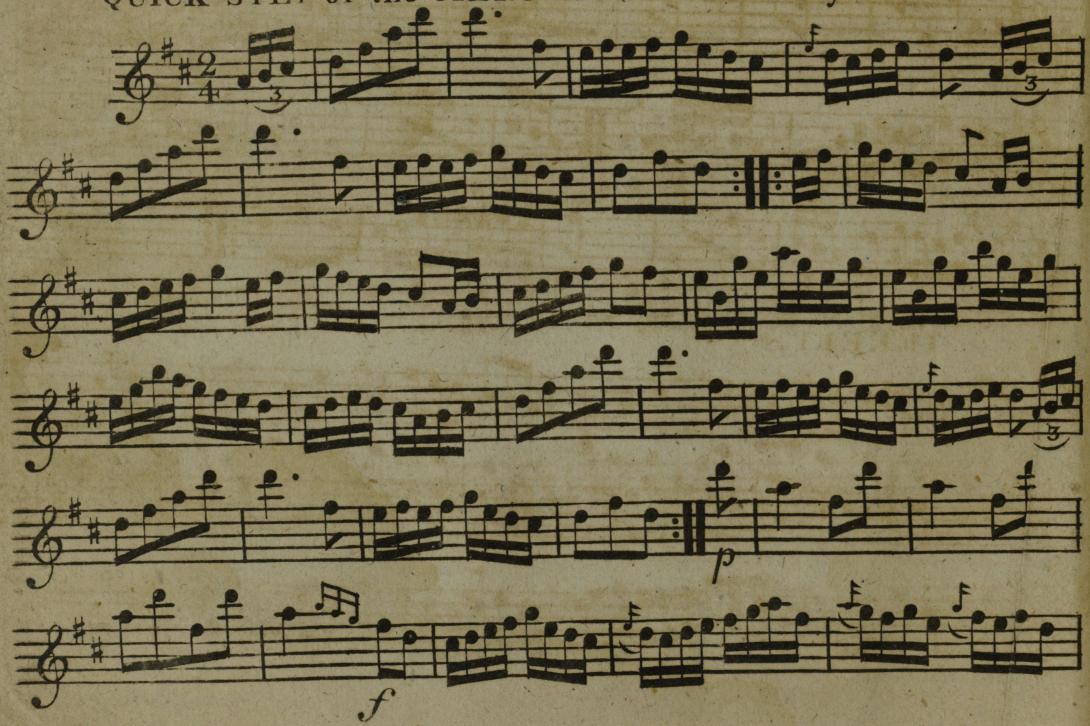
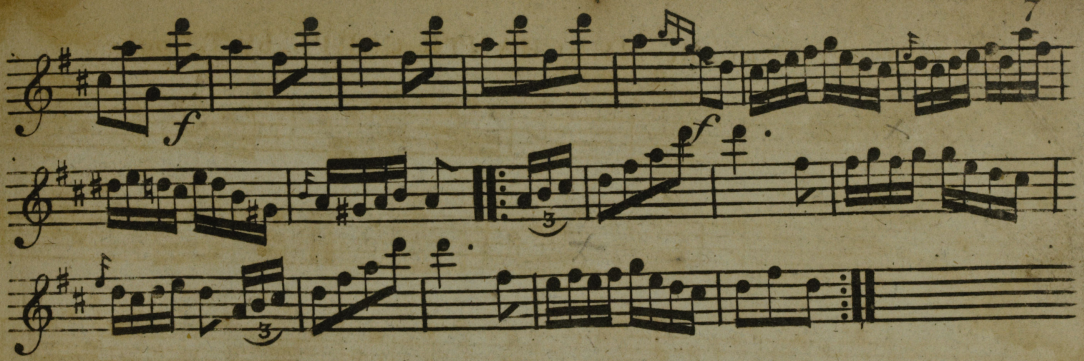


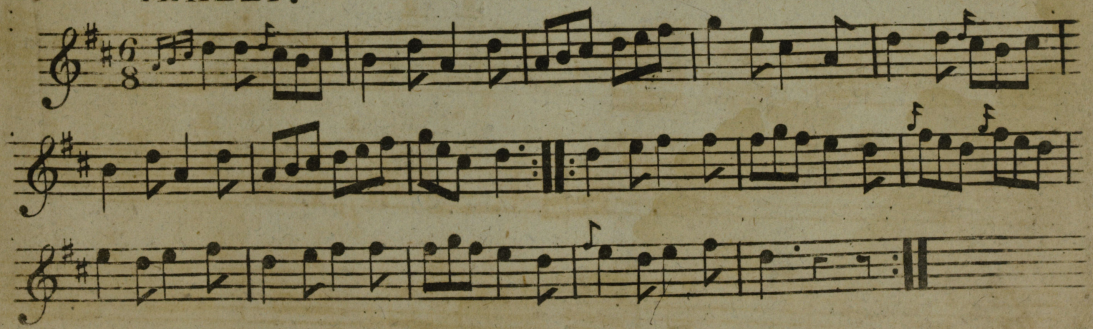
SLOW MARCH of the MERCHANTS CORPS.

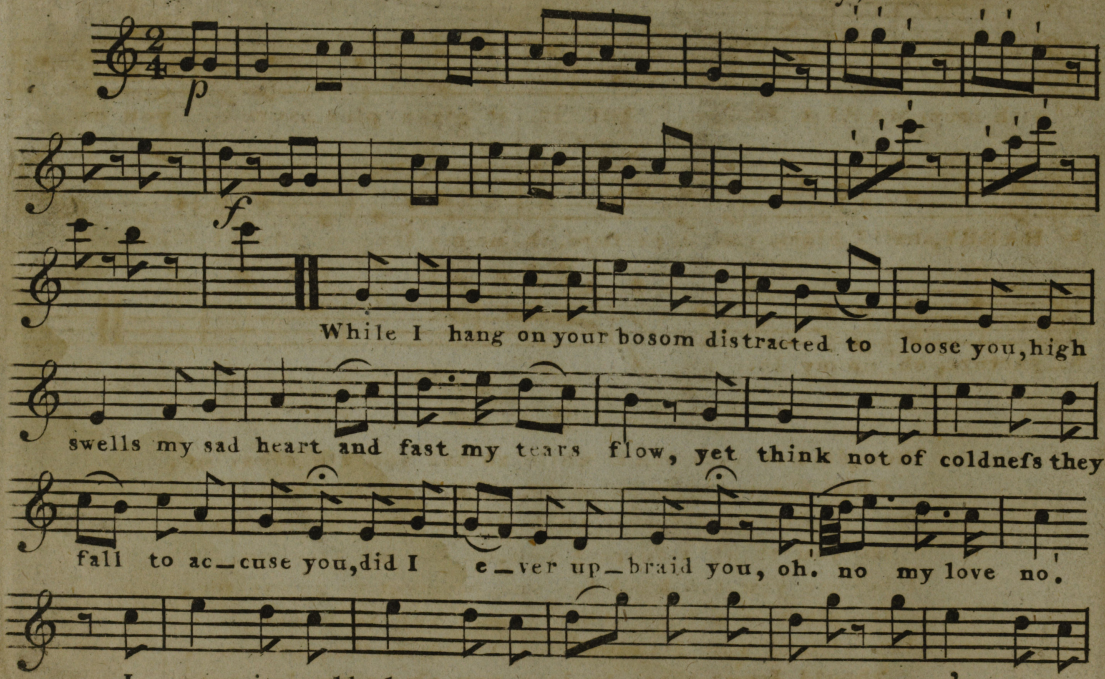
T.COOKE.

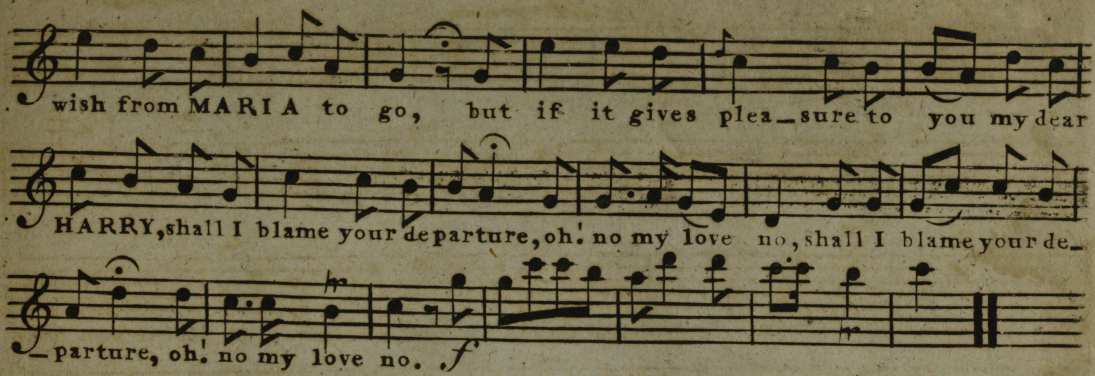


The PATRIOT.

QUICK STEP of the MERCHANTS CORPS. by T. Cooke.



TEKELI.

NO MY LOVE NO. (Kelly)

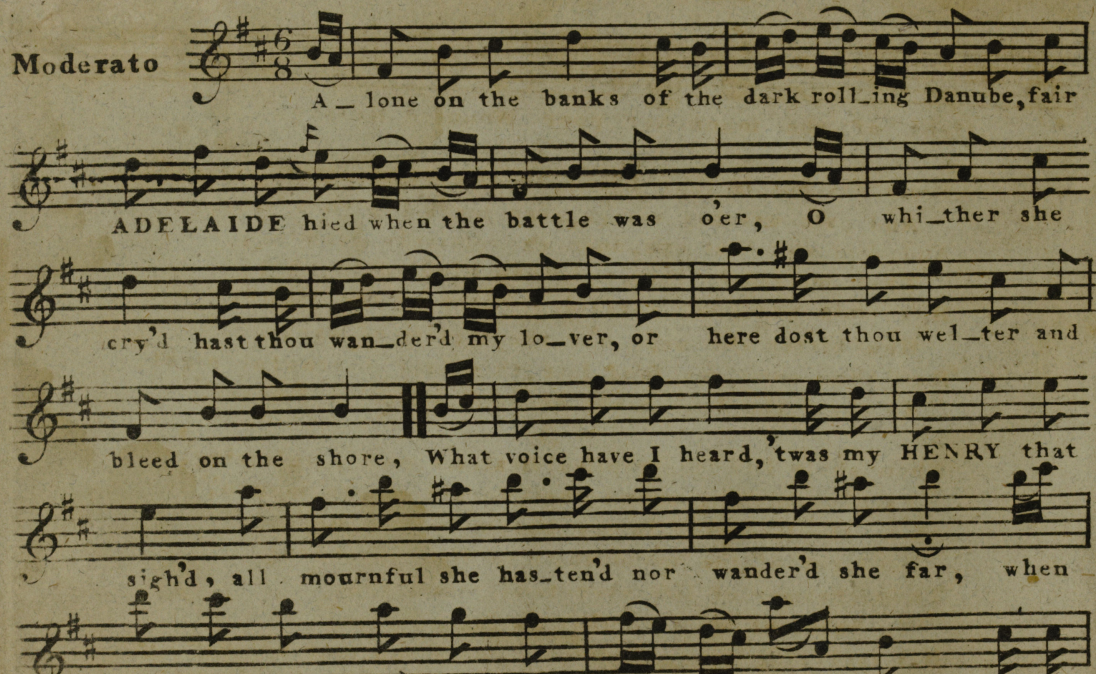
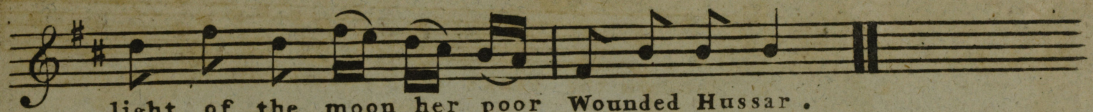




2

Now do not dear HAL while abroad you are straying,
That heart which is mine, on a rival bestow,
Nay banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
Do you think I suspect you, oh! no my love no!
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart that adores you such woe,
Yet should you dishonor my truth and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you, oh! no my love no!

The WOUNDED HUSSAR.



light of the moon her poor Wounded Hussar.

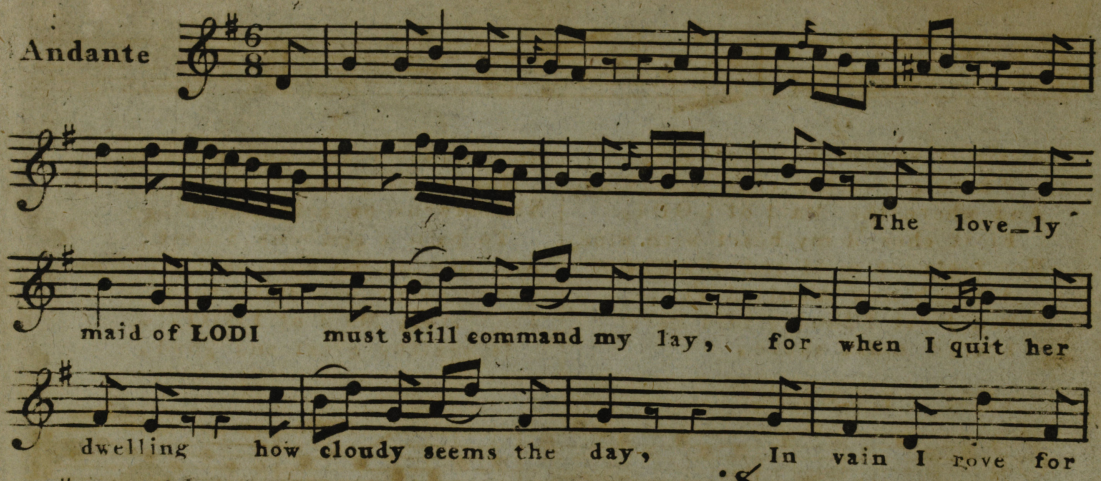
2

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once exprefsively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war,
"Hast thou come my fond love, this last sorrowful night,"
"To chear the lone heart of your Wounded Hufsar."

3

"Thou shalt live (she replied) Heaven's mercy relieving,"
"Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn,"
"Ah! no the last pang in my bosom is heaving,"
"No light of the morn shall to Henry return;"
"Thou charmer of life ever tender and true,"
"Ye babes of my love that await me afar,"
His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur adieu,—
When he sunk in her arms the poor Wounded Hussar.

The MAID of LODI.

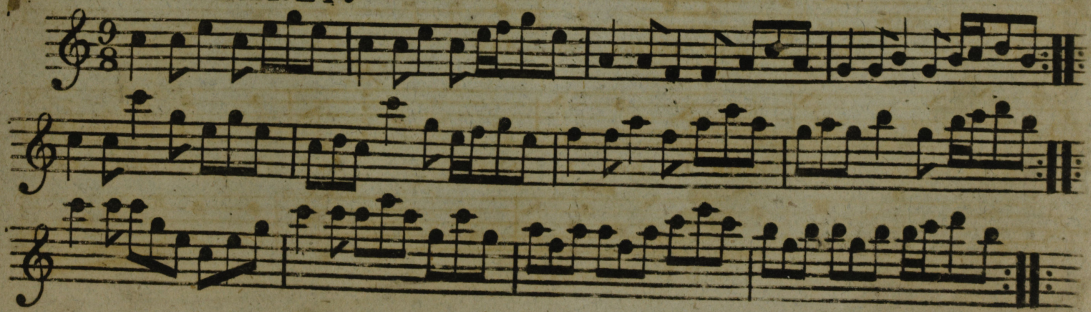
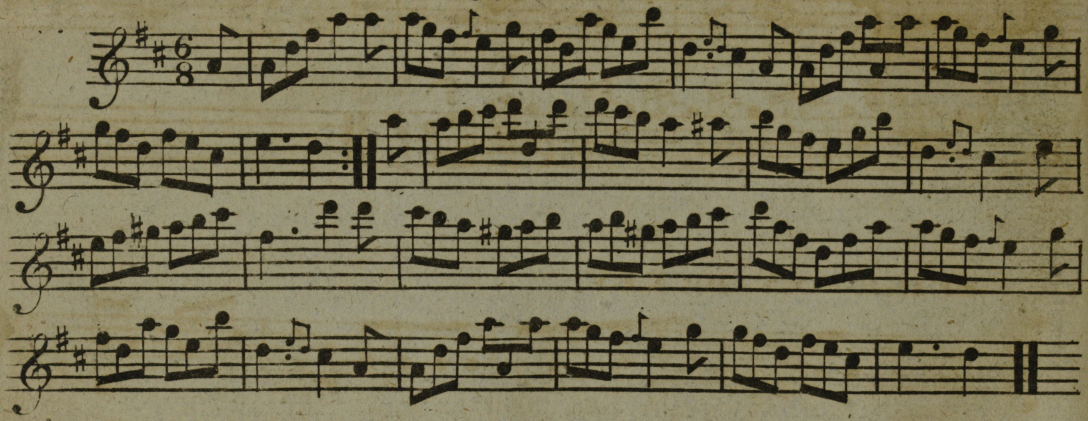


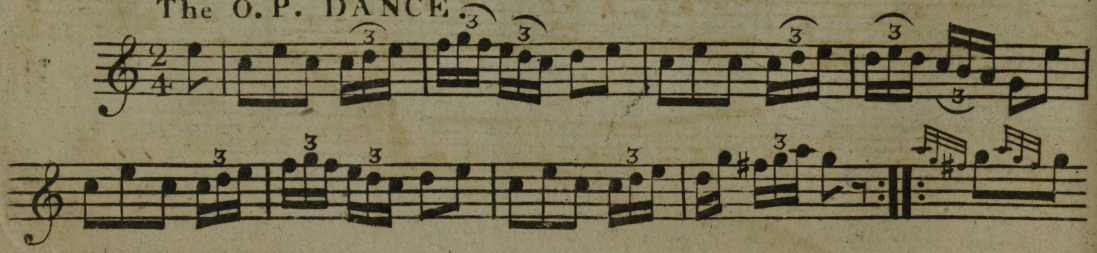
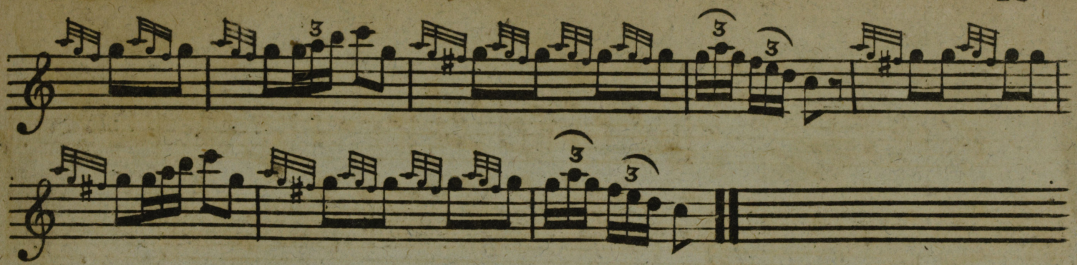
2

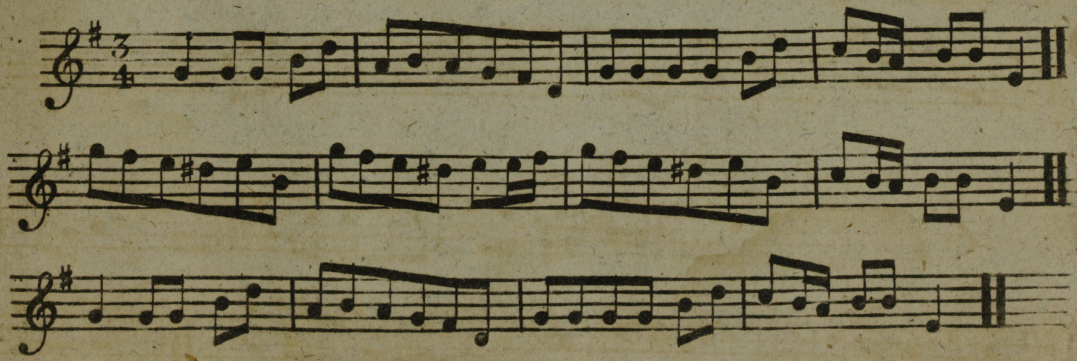
Again I sought her Cottage,
Where grows the clust'ring Vine,
And where the Maid of LODI,
First chear'd my heart with wine,
Her features mild and winning,
A blush now mantled o'er,
When first I fondly told her,
I ever must adore.

3

Her answer frank and pleasing,
Has set my heart at rest,
She scorns by artful teazing,
To pain a gen'rous breast;
And now no more by labour,
She earns her daily food,
The lovely Maid of LODI,
Is wealthy great and good.

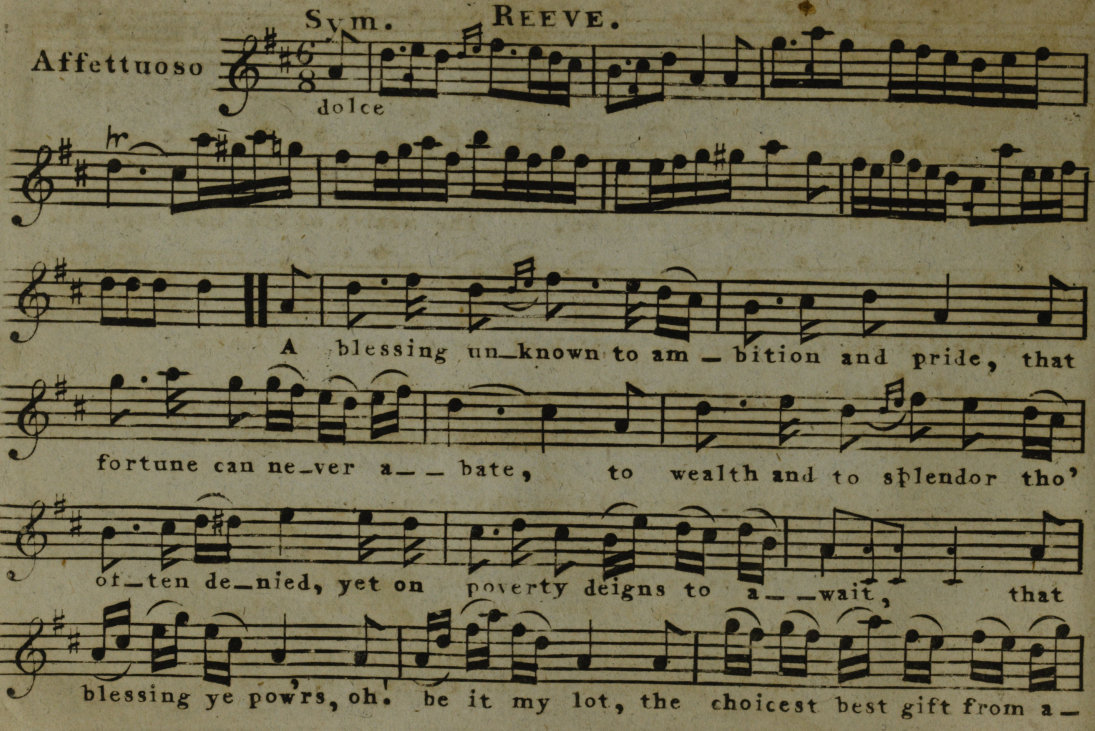
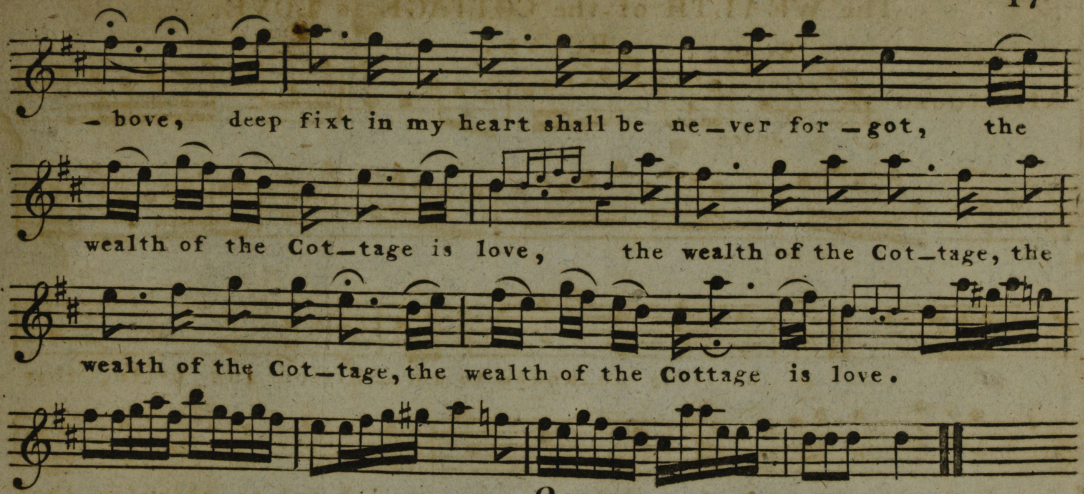
NEW CLARET.

LORD CATHCART.

The O. P. DANCE.



HEIGHO MY JOCKEY.

The WEALTH of the COTTAGE is LOVE.

Sym. REEVE.

Affettuoso

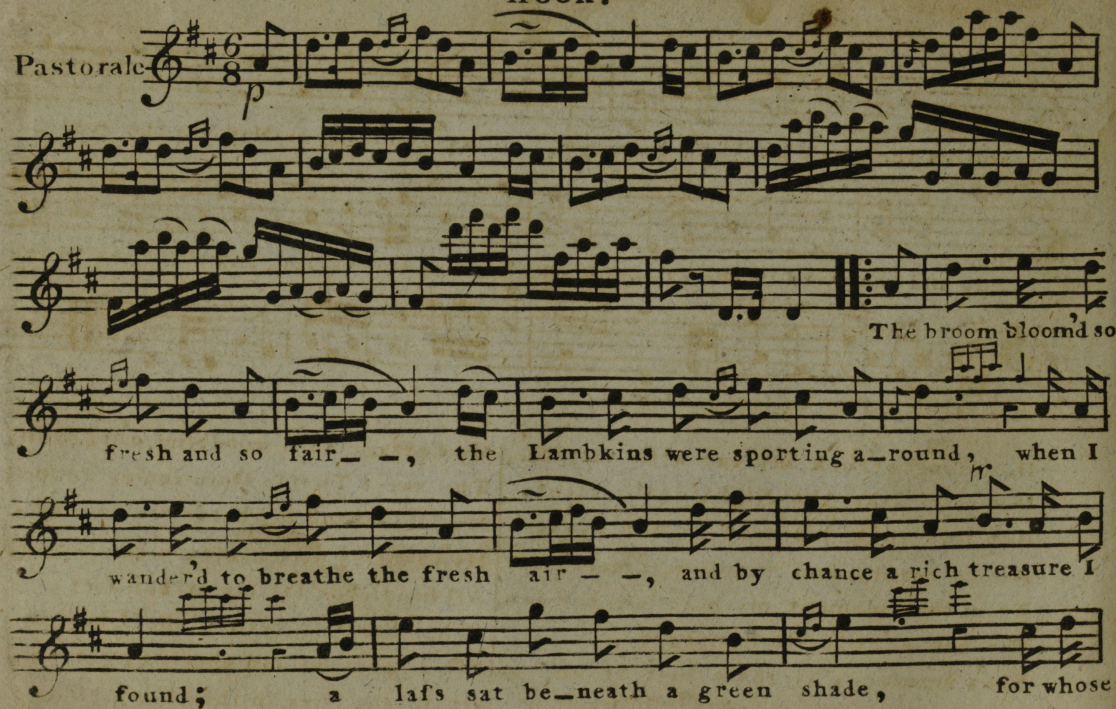


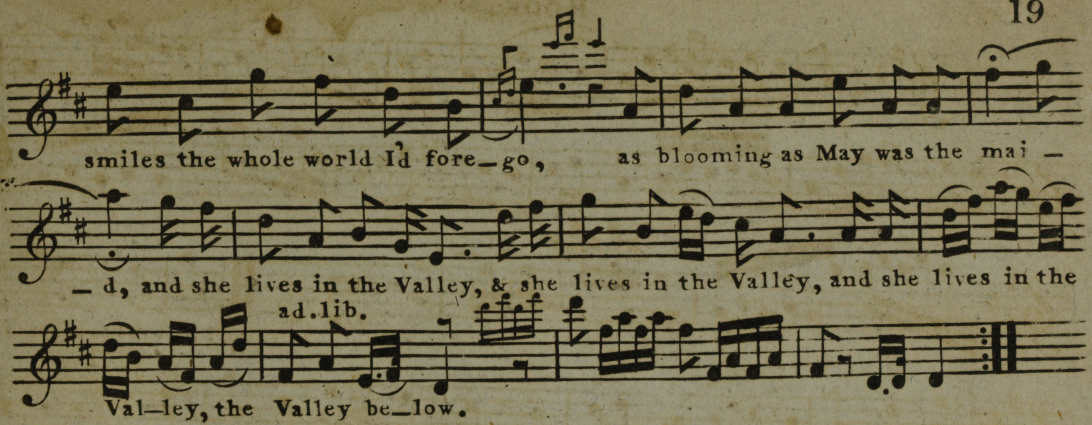
2

Whate'er my condition why should I repine,
By poverty never diſtreſs'd,
Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine,
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast;
That bleſsing ye pow'rs, still be it my lot,
The choicest best gift from above,
Still fixt in my heart shall be never forgot,
That the wealth of the Cottage is Love.

SHE LIVES IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

HOOK.



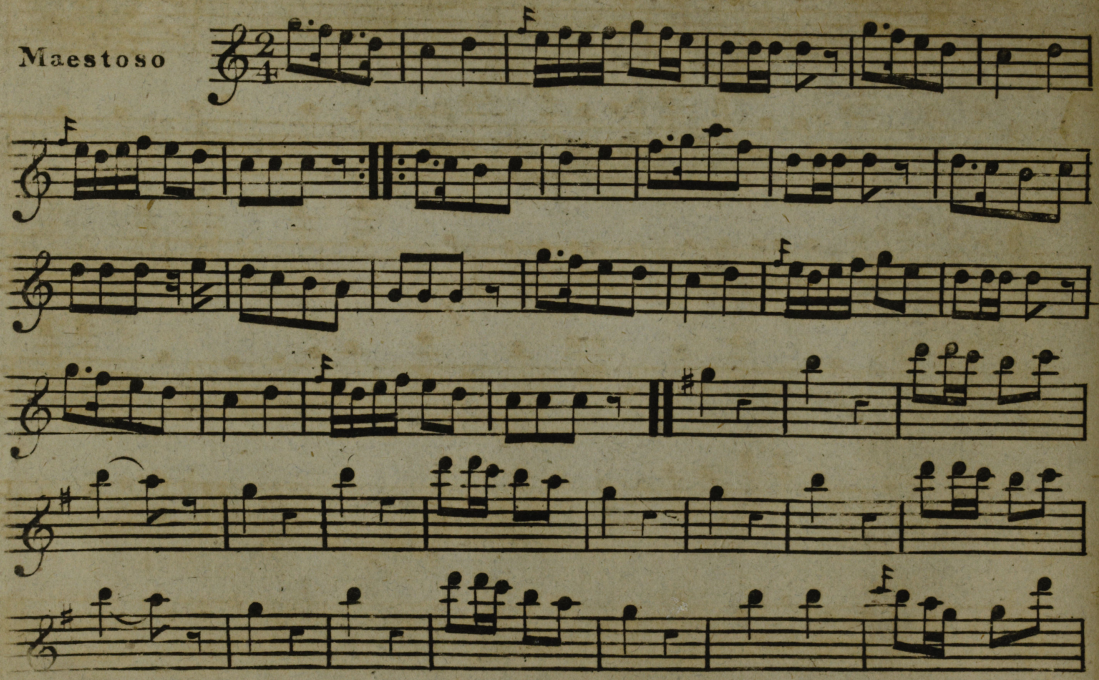


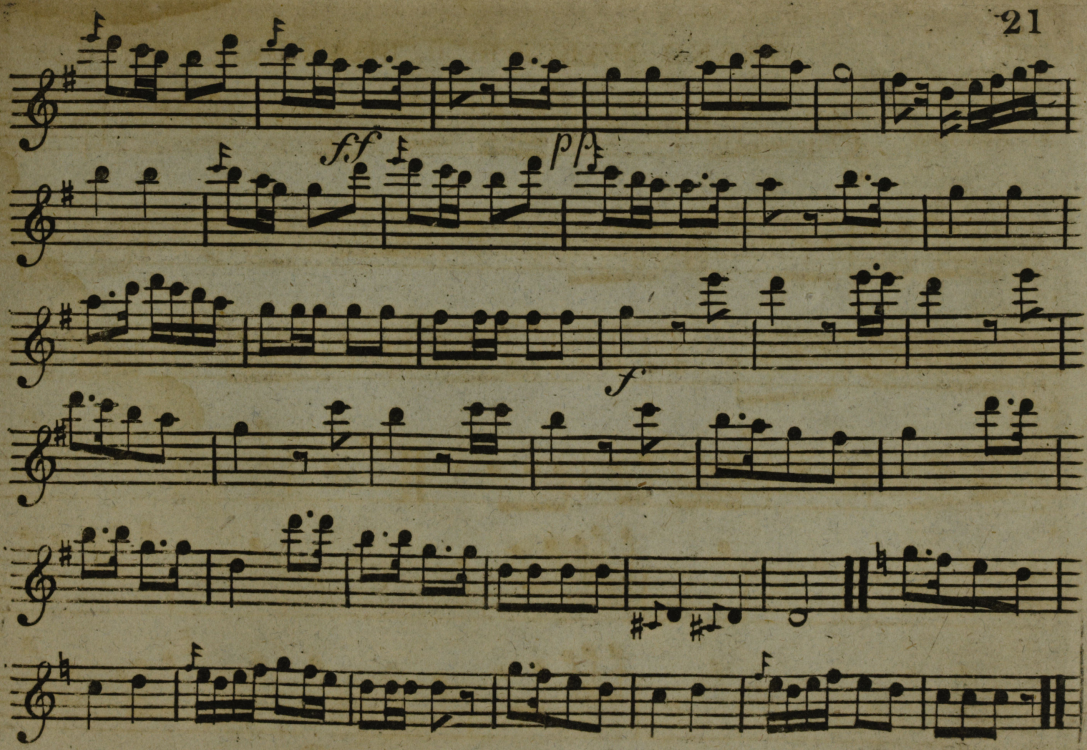
Her song struck my ear with surprize,
Her voice like the Nightingale sweet,
But love took his seat in her eyes,
Where beauty and innocence meet;
From that moment my heart was her own,
For her ev'ry wish I forego,
She's beauteous as roses just blown,
And she lives in the Valley below.

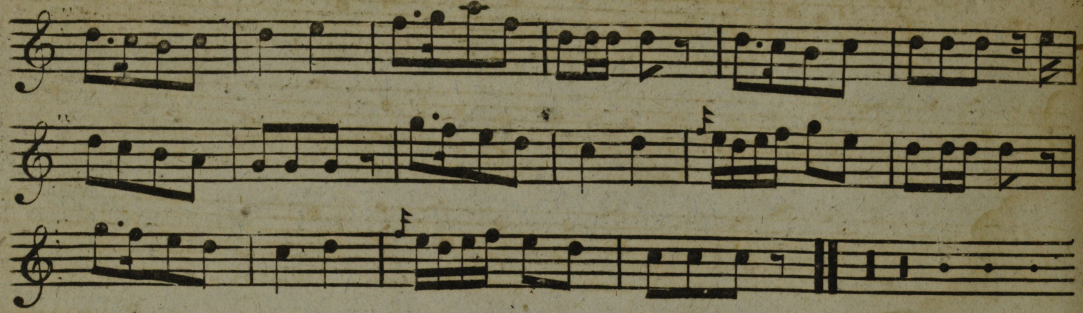
My Cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
The sweet Turtle Dove cooing round,
My flocks and my herds are my own,
My pastures with hawthorn are bound;
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,
If her heart in return she'll bestow,
For no pastime can cheer my retreat
While she lives in the Valley below.

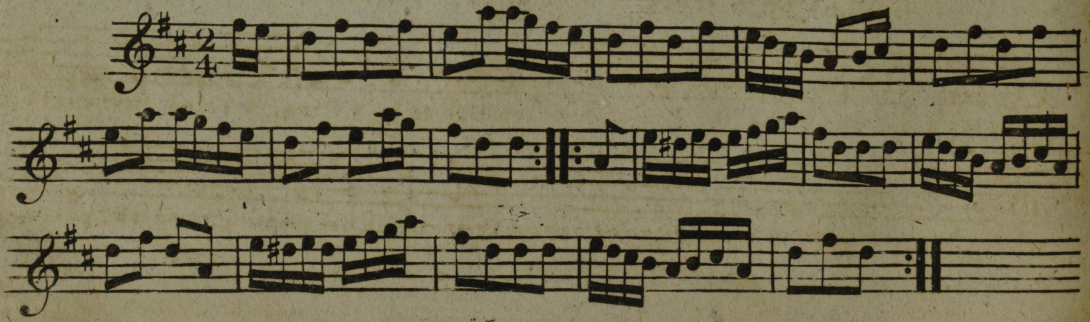
GRAND MARCH in B. BEARD.

Maestoso



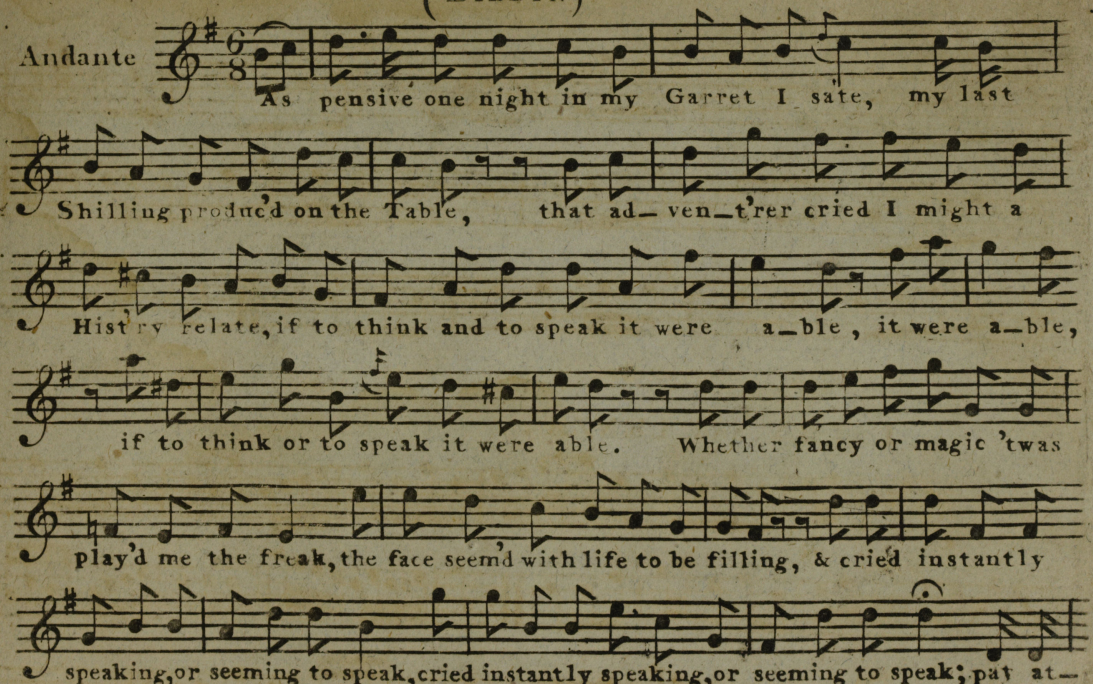


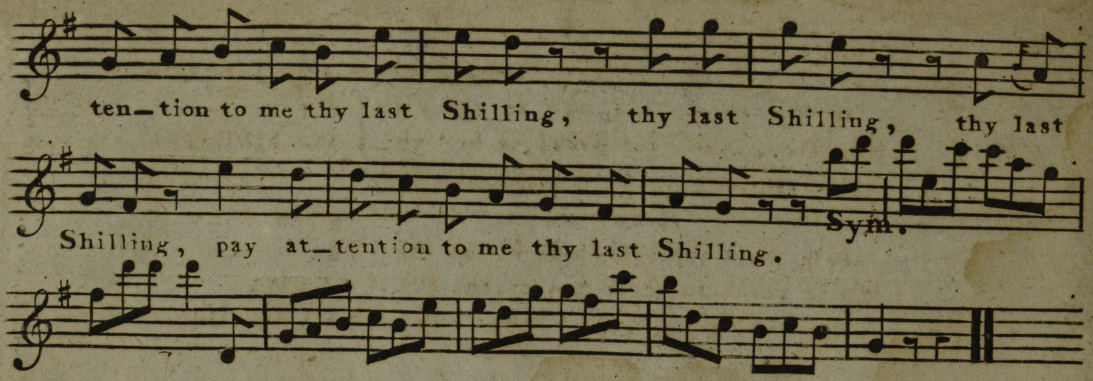
V.S.

LAURA and LENZA.



The LAST SHILLING.

(DIBDIN)





2

I was once the last Coin of the Law a sad Limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to faulter,
Till at length brought to Justice, the Law cheated him,
And he paid me, to buy him a Halter.
A Jack Tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Tho hungry himself, to a poor distrefs'd friend,
Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his Last Shilling.

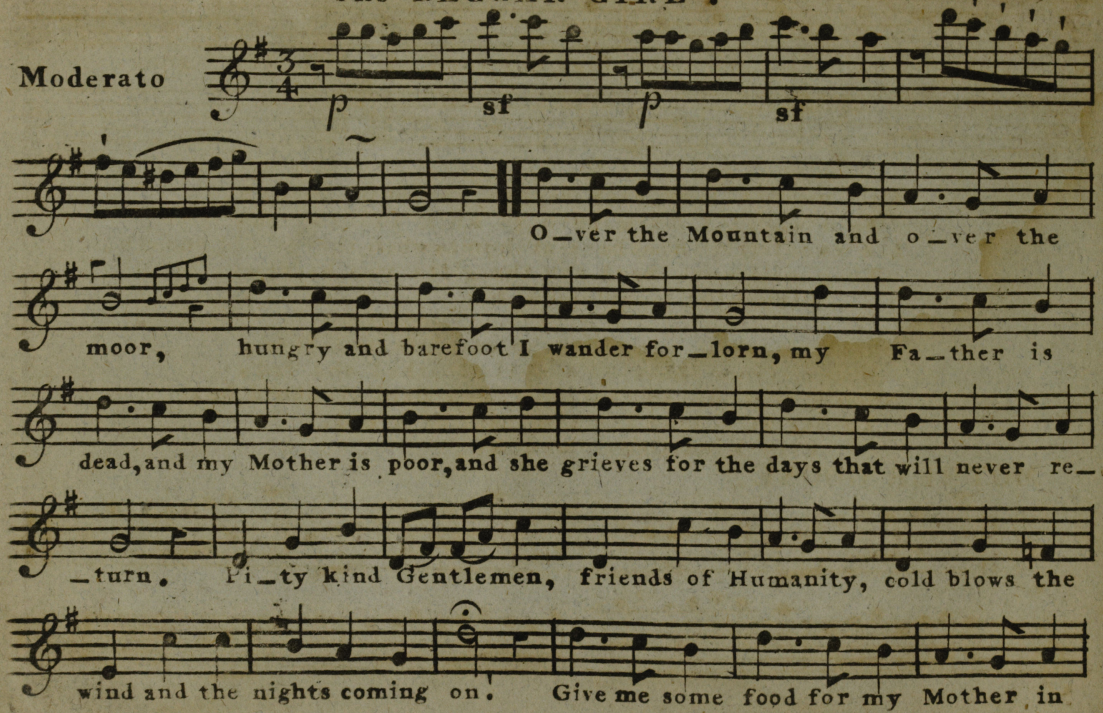
3

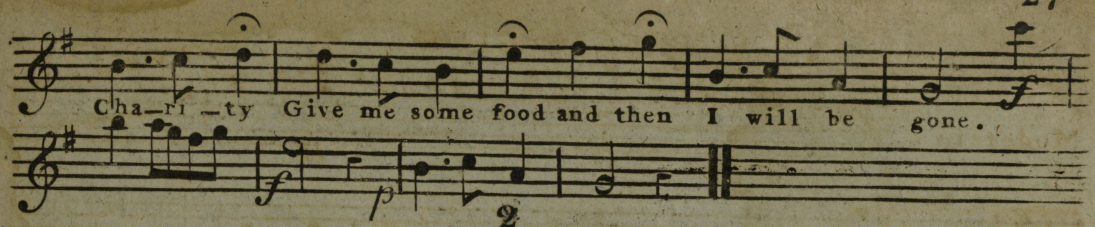
'Twas the Wife of his Mefs—mate whose glistening eye,
With pleasure ran oer as she view'd me,
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting with tears she bedew'd me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling,
While rakes in their revels, the Piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me, their best friend, & Last Shilling.

4

Thou thyself hast been thoughtlefs, for profligates bail,
But to morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little History thou offerest for sale,
In the interim—spend me and be merry.
Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my Mentor, my Muse,
And grateful thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart—thus men counsel refuse,
'Till the lecture comes from the last Shilling.

The BEGGAR GIRL.



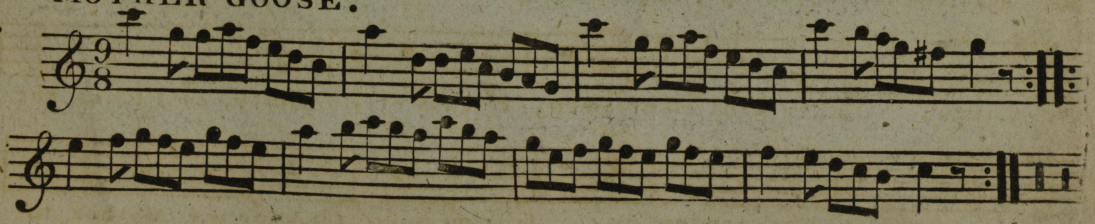


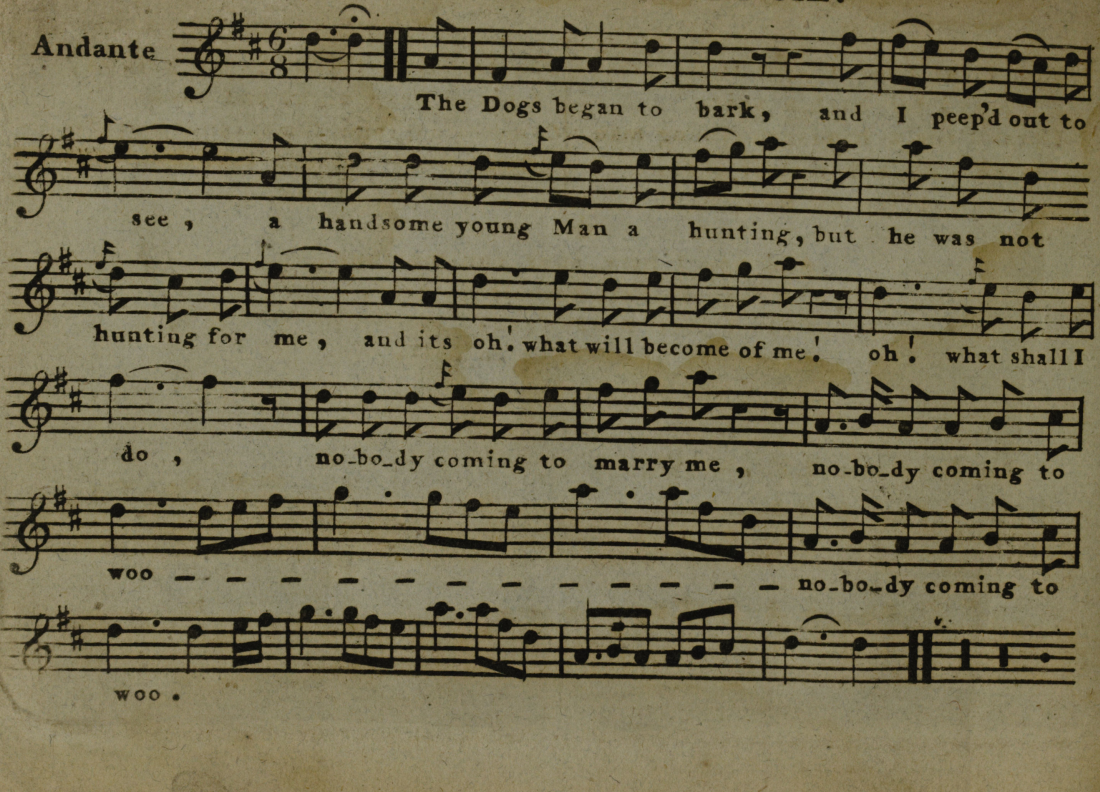
2

Call me not lazy back beggar, and bold enough,
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew,
I've two little Brothers at home, when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

3

Oh think while you revel so careleſs and free,
Secure from the wind & well cloathed and fed,
Should Fortune so change it, how hard it would be,
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
Pity kind Gentlemen &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

NOBODY COMING to MARRY ME.



2

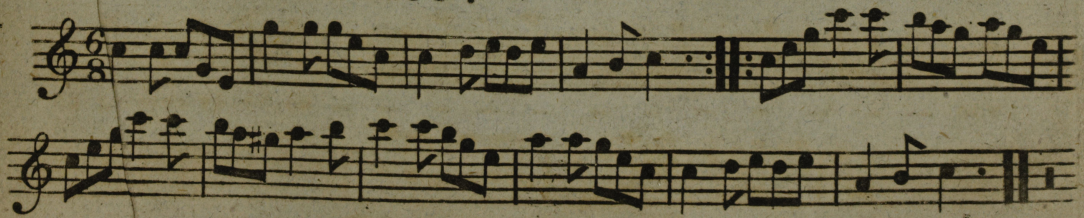
The first time I went to my prayrs,
I pray'd for half a year,
I pray'd for a handsome young man,
With a meikel deal of gear.
And its oh &c.

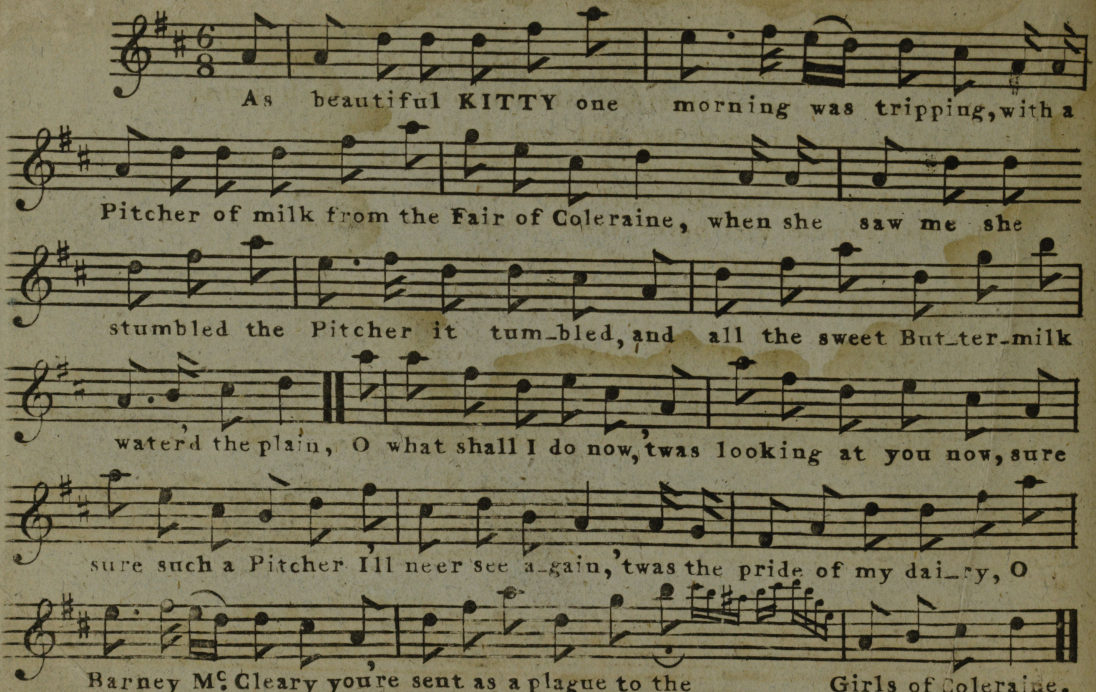
3

The last time I went to my prayrs,
I pray'd both night and day,
Come blind, come lame, come cripple,
Come some one and take me away.
For its oh &c.

4

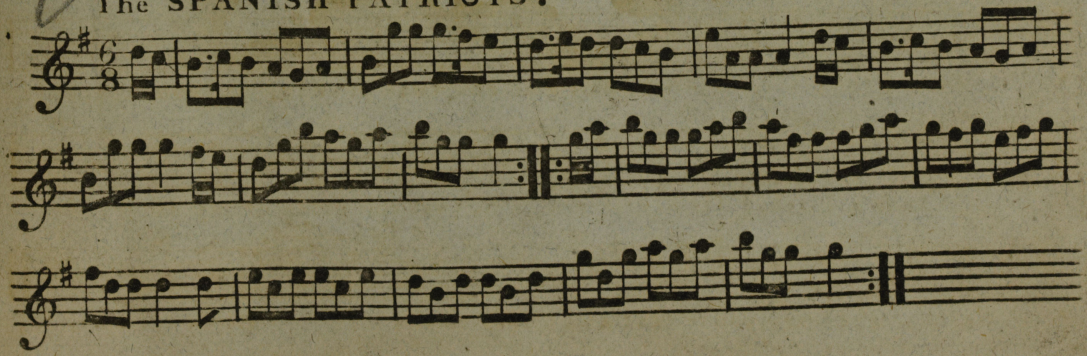
And now I have sung you my song,
I fear I shall have it to tell,
That I shall be obliged,
To lead blind Apes in hell.
For its oh &c.

The BARD's LEGACY.

KITTY of COLERAINE.

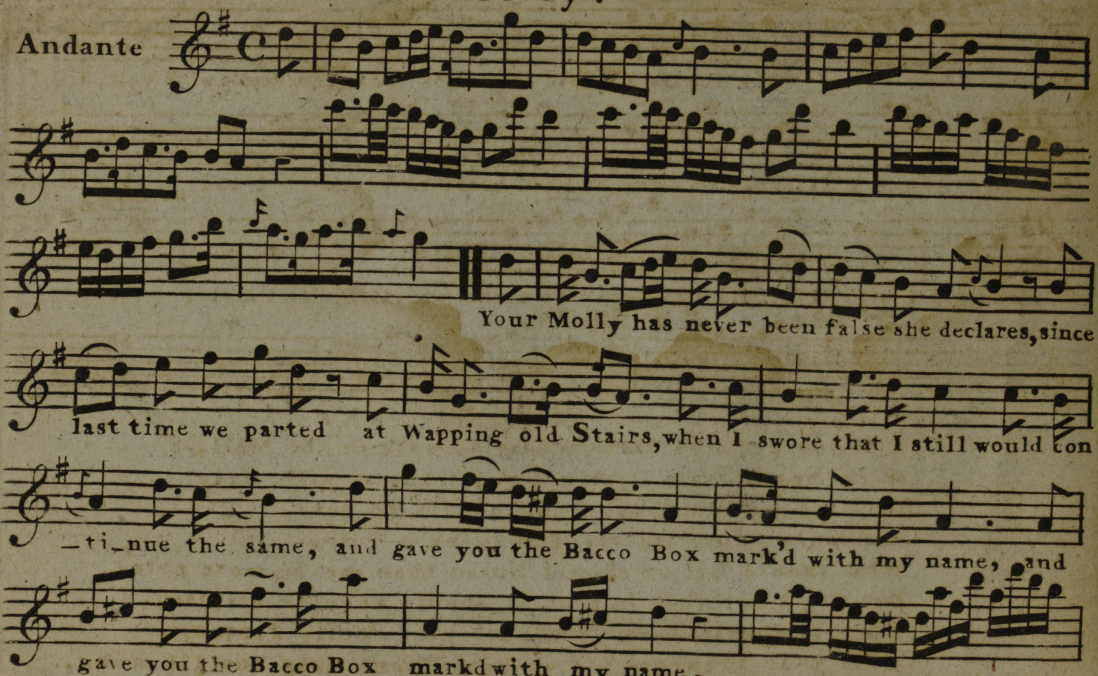


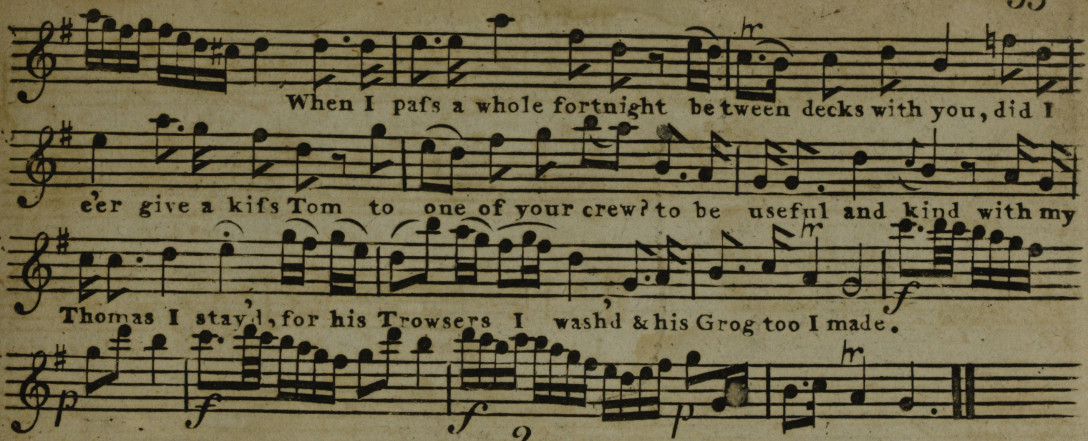
2

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas Hay making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor KITTY's disaster,
The devil a Pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

The SPANISH PATRIOTS.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Percy.



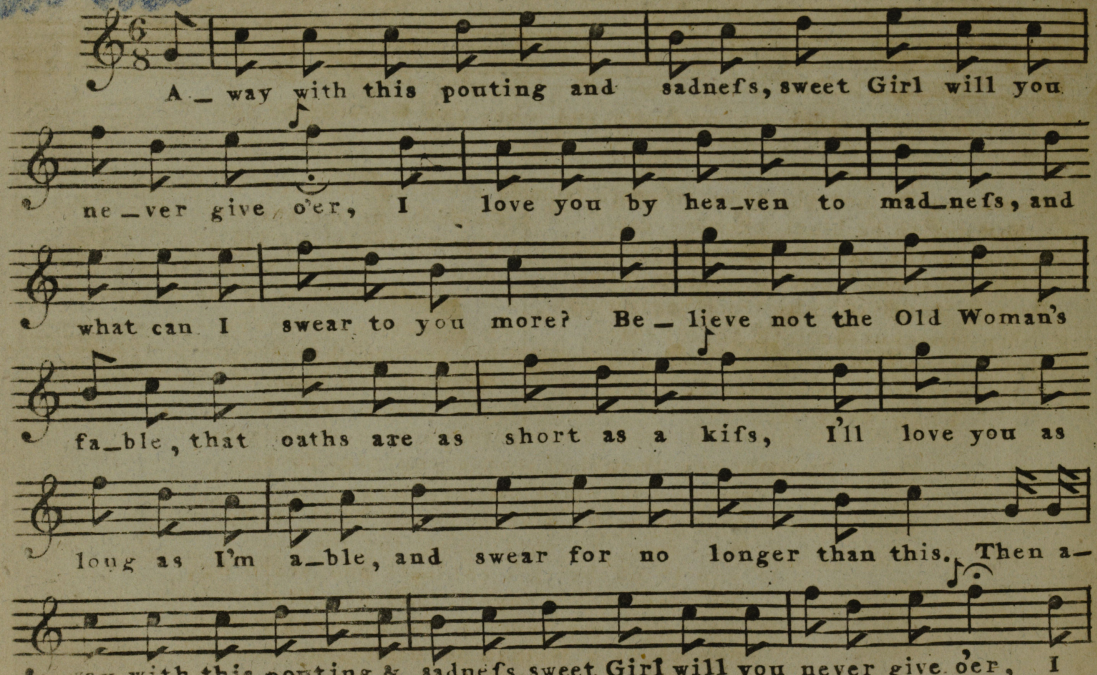


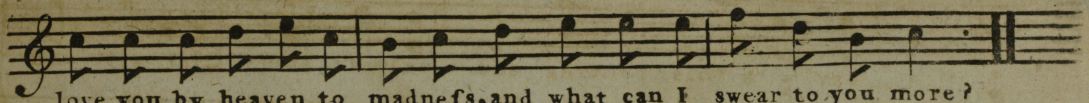
2

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindnefs to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more priz'd,
For the heart that is true it should ne'er be dispised,
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your Trowsers I'll wash, and your Grog too I'll make.

AWAY WITH THIS POUTING.

Words by T. M. Esq.r



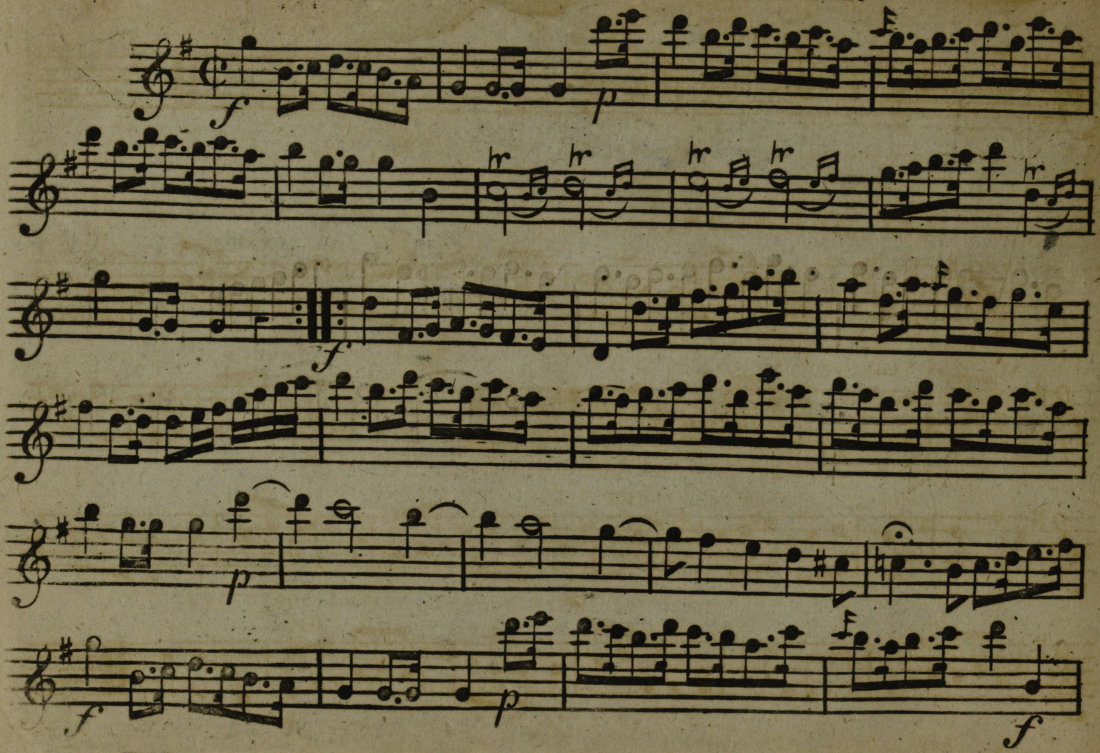


love you by heaven to madneſs, and what can I swear to you more?

Come waste not the time in proffeſsion
For not to be blest when we can,
Is one of the darkest transgreſsions
That happen 'twixt woman & man,
Pretty Moralist! why thus beginning
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heav'n knows that I never lov'd sinning—
Except little sinnings in love.
Then away &c.

If swearing however will do it,
Come bring me the Calender, pray,
I vow by that lip, I'll go thro' it,
And not miſs a Saint on my way;
The angels shall help me to wheedle,
I'll swear upon every one,
That e'er danc'd on the point of a needle,
Or rode on a beam of the Sun.
Then away &c.

Oh why should platonic controul love,
Enchain an emotion so free,
Your Soul—tho' a very sweet Soul love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me—
If you think by this coldneſs and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an Angel my love in the morning,
But oh! be a Woman to night!
Then away &c.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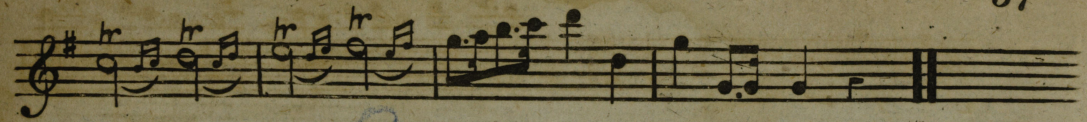
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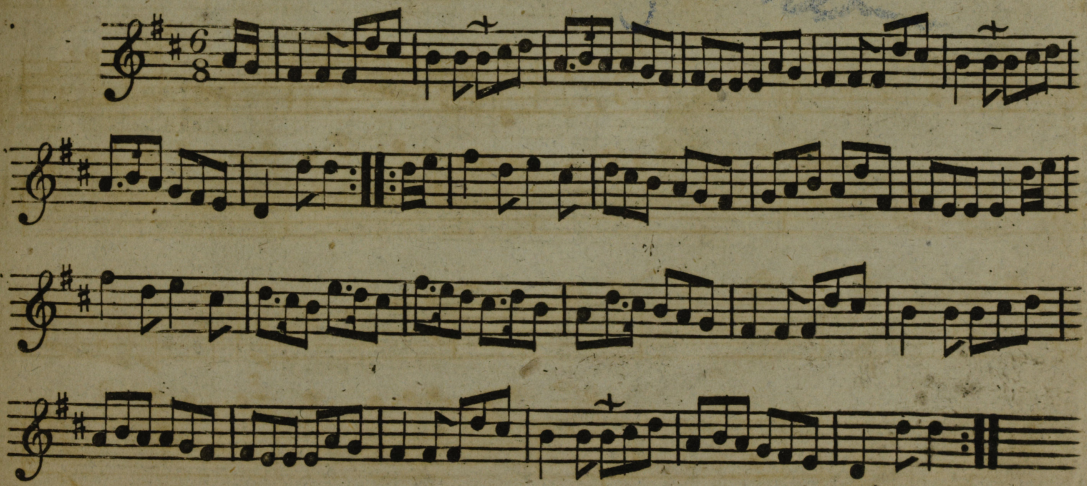

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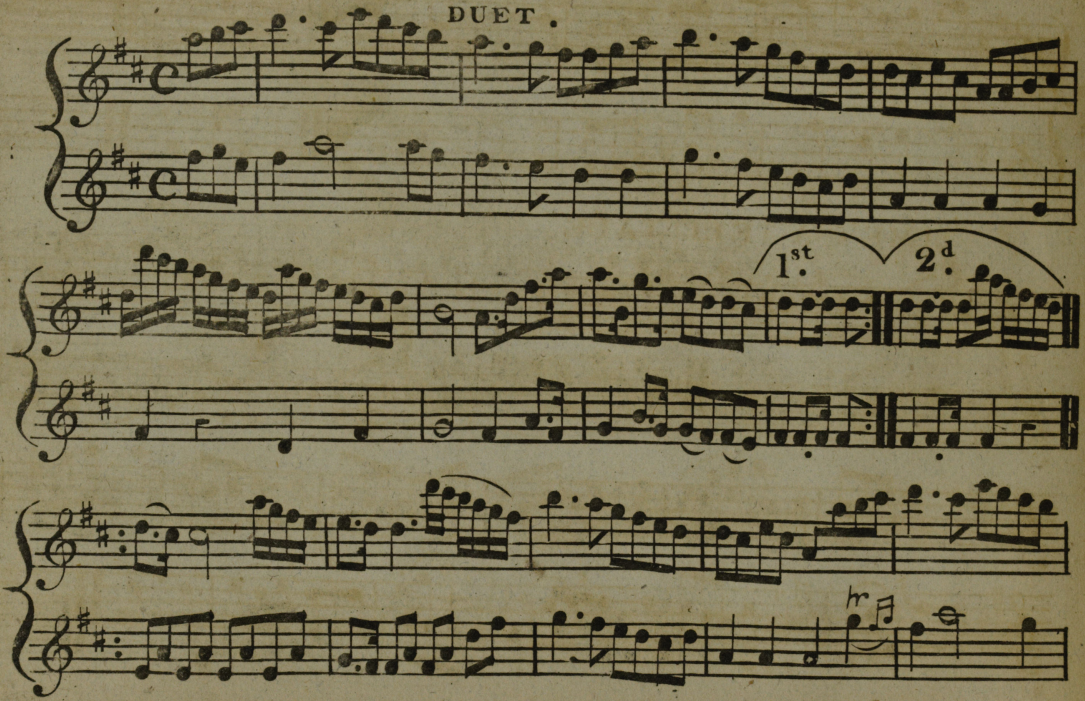
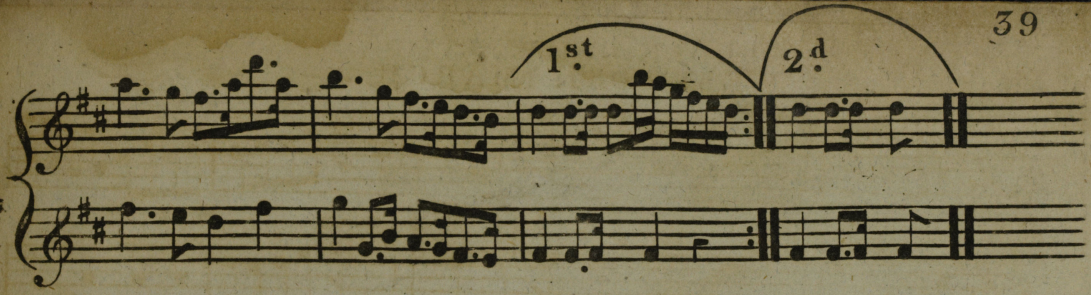
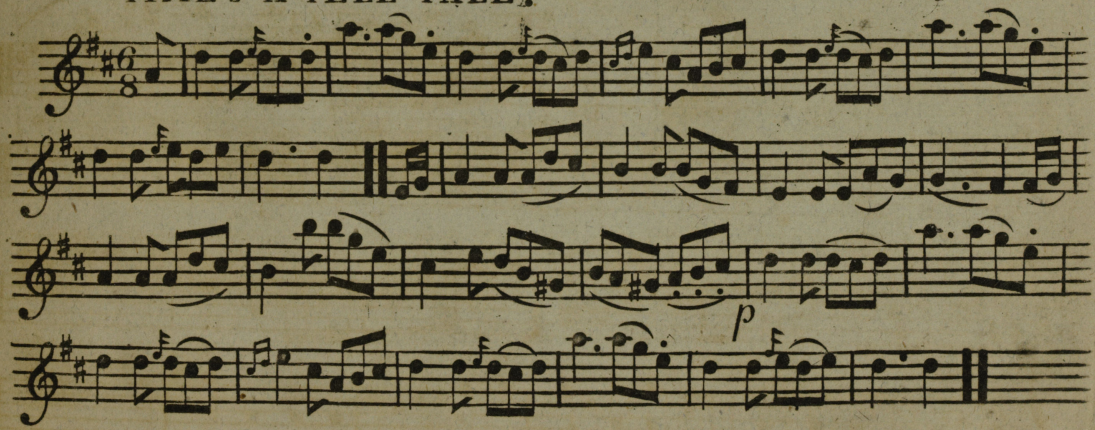


TIME's A TELL TALE.



BUGLE QUICK STEP.

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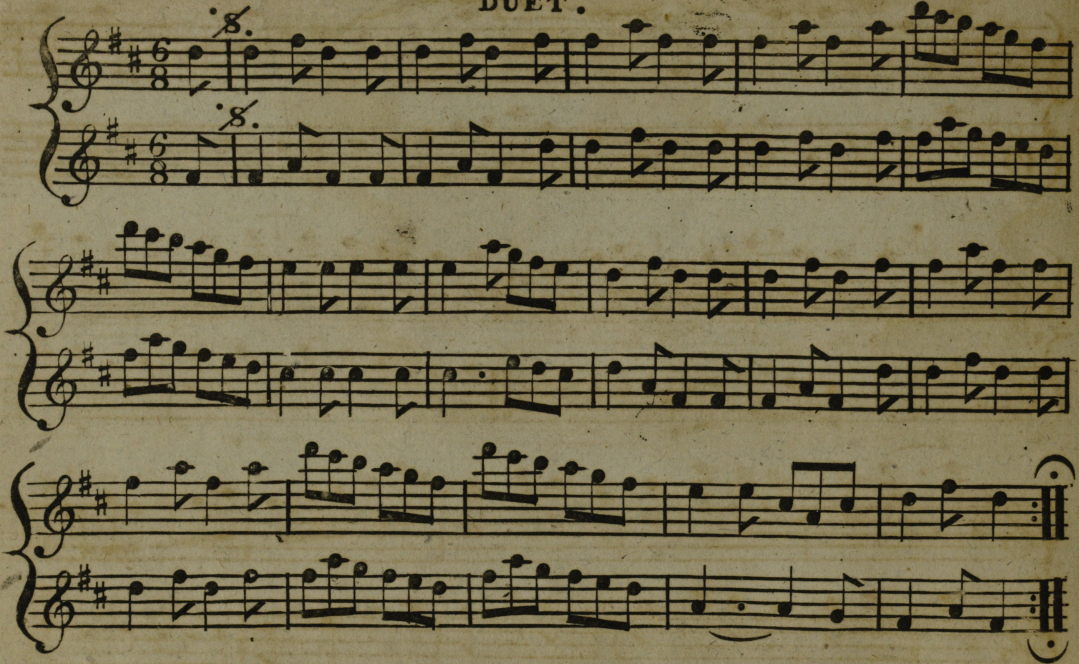
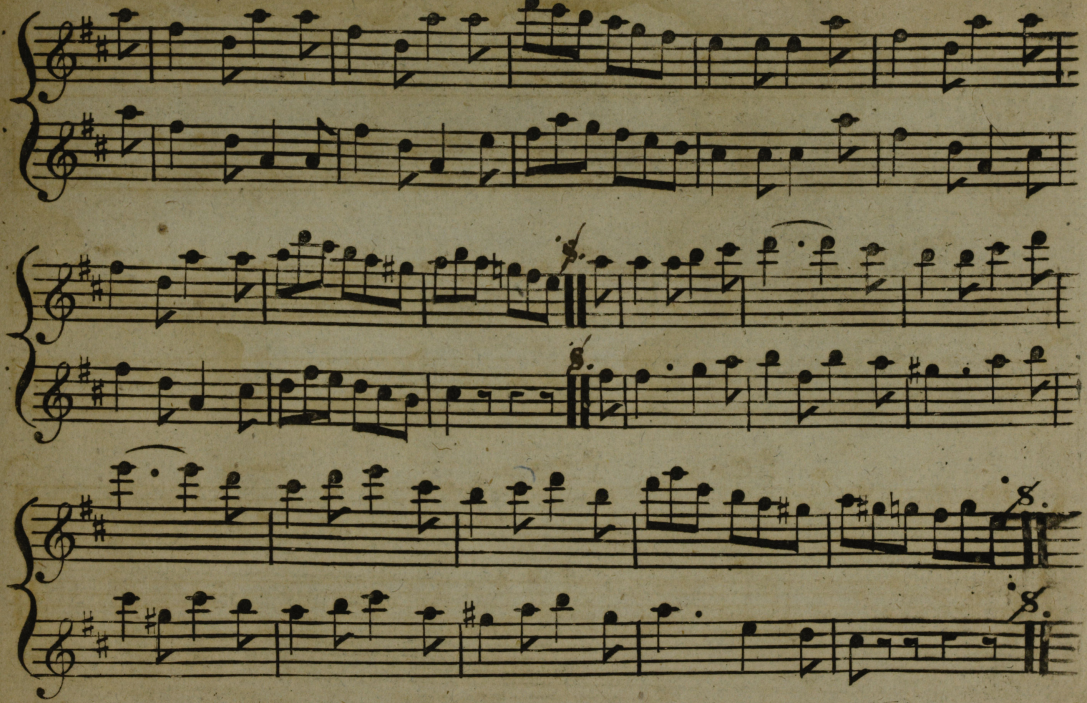
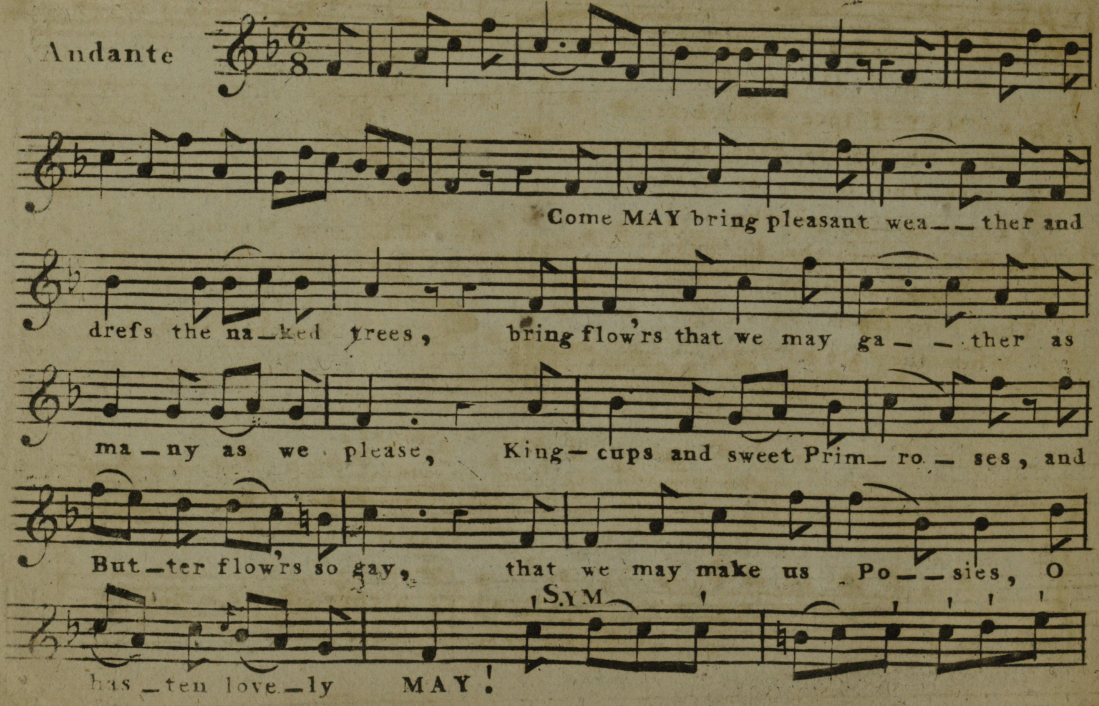
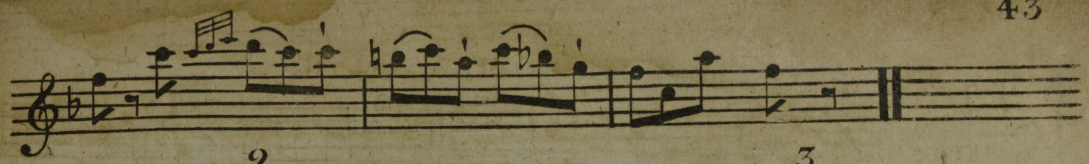




The CHILD'S MAY WISH.



2

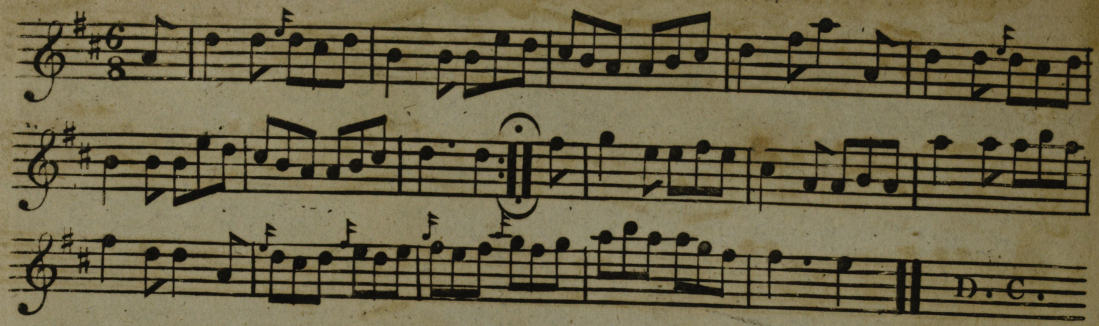
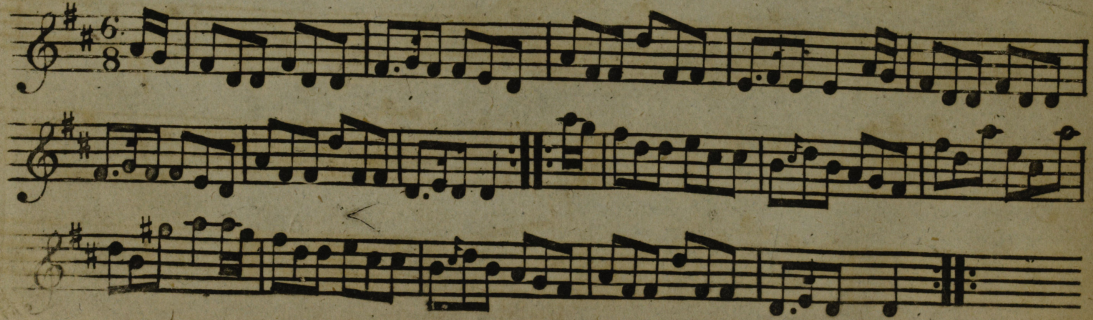
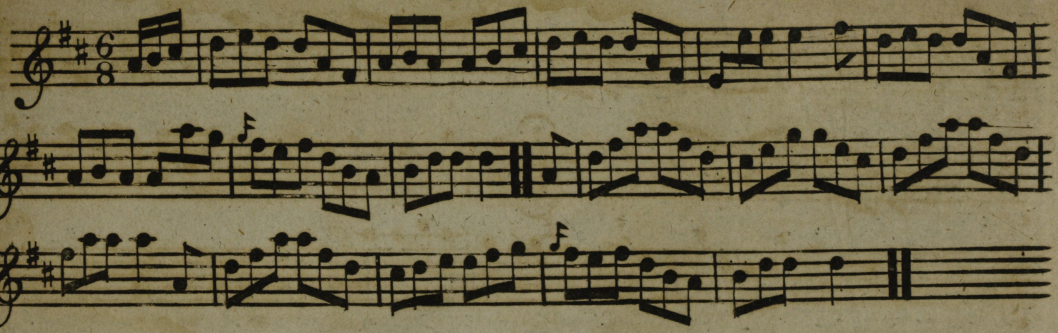
Dear MAY I love thee better,
Than Christmas Pies so nice,
To rove the meads is better
Than sliding on the ice;
I'd rather see the hedges,
All white when hawthornes blow,
Than ride about on sledges,
When they are white with snow.

3

'Tis true we've sports in plenty,
We play at Blindmans buff,
At Cards we've more than twenty,
All that is well enough.
But O to go a Maying
With sister in the Spring,
And on the grass be playing,
Is quite another thing.

4

O how I wish 'twere warmer,
And greener out of doors,
To go and see the Farmer,
The Cattle, and the Mowers.
Good MAY bring pleasant weather,
That we may run at ease,
The Nightingale bring hither,
And Cuckoos if you please.

The NEW PANDEAN DANCE.

PADDY O CARROL.

The KINNEGAD SLASHERS.

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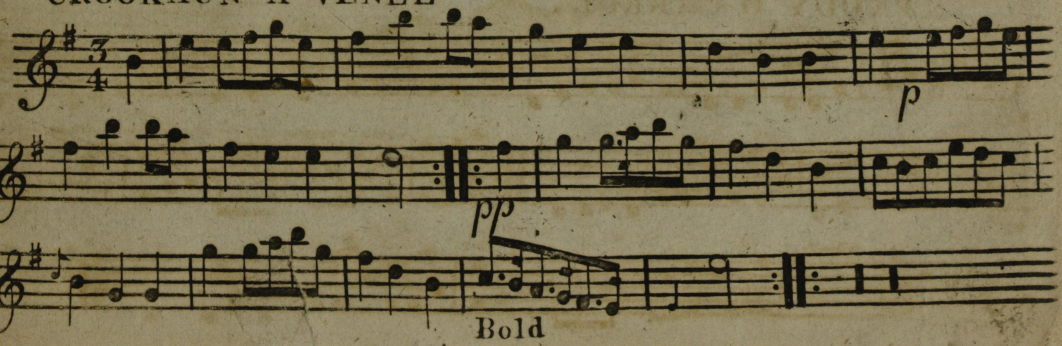
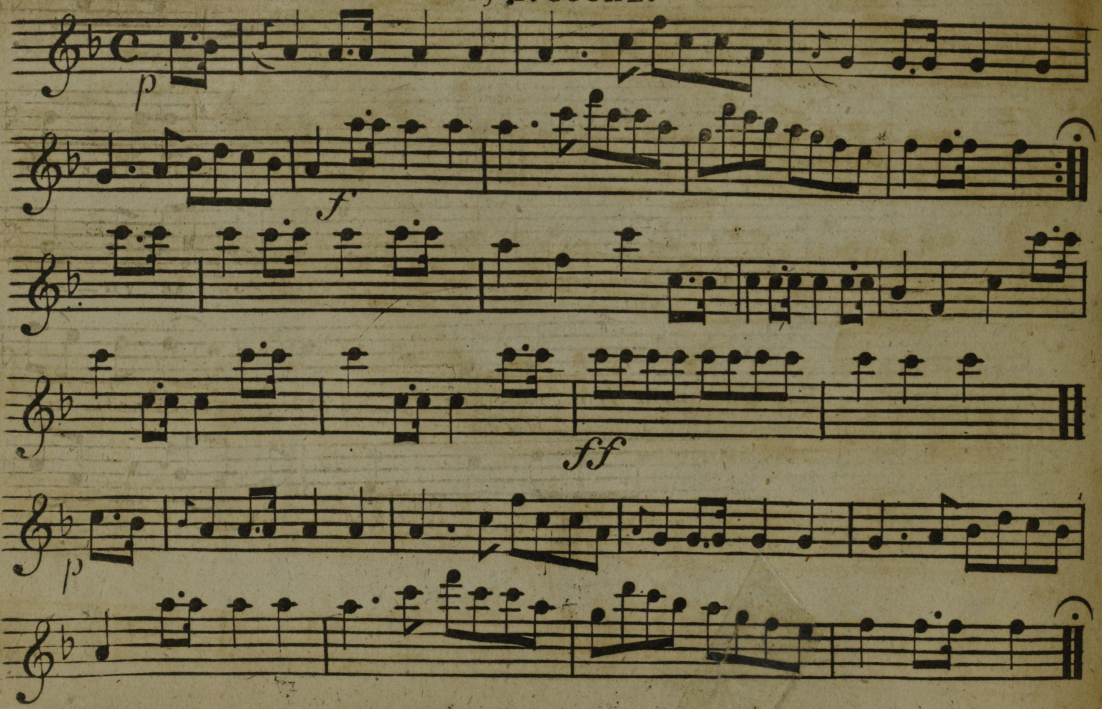
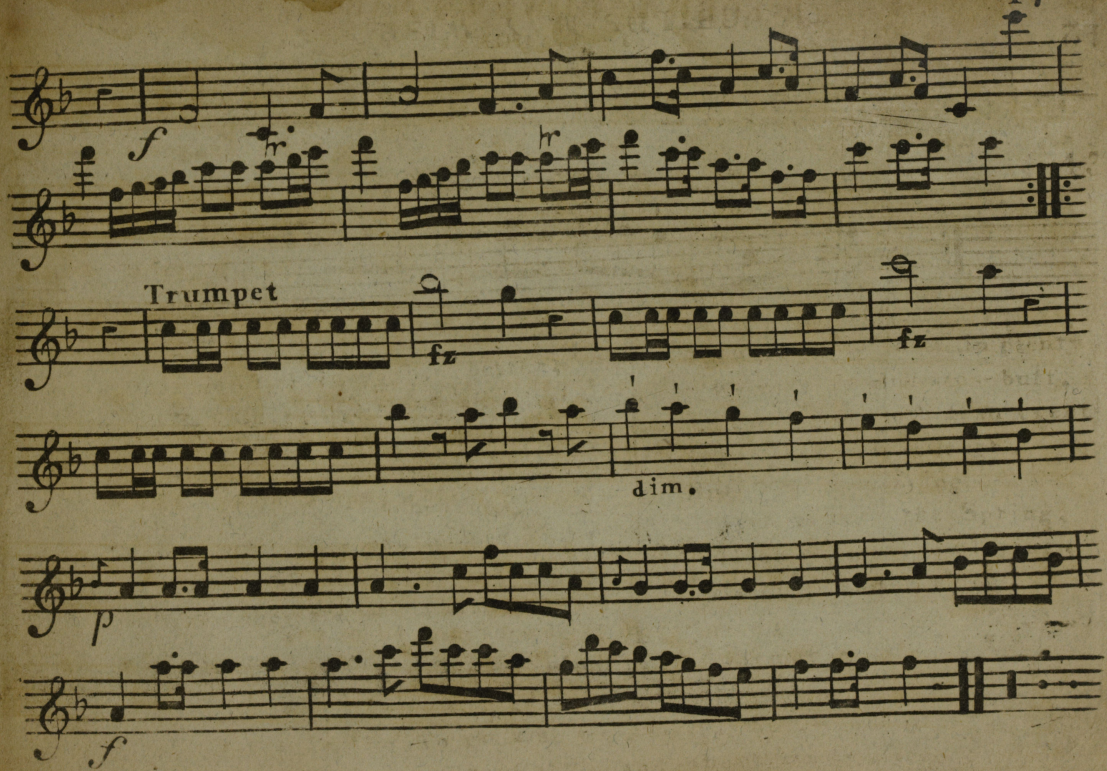

LORD HARDWICK's MARCH.

by T. COOKE.

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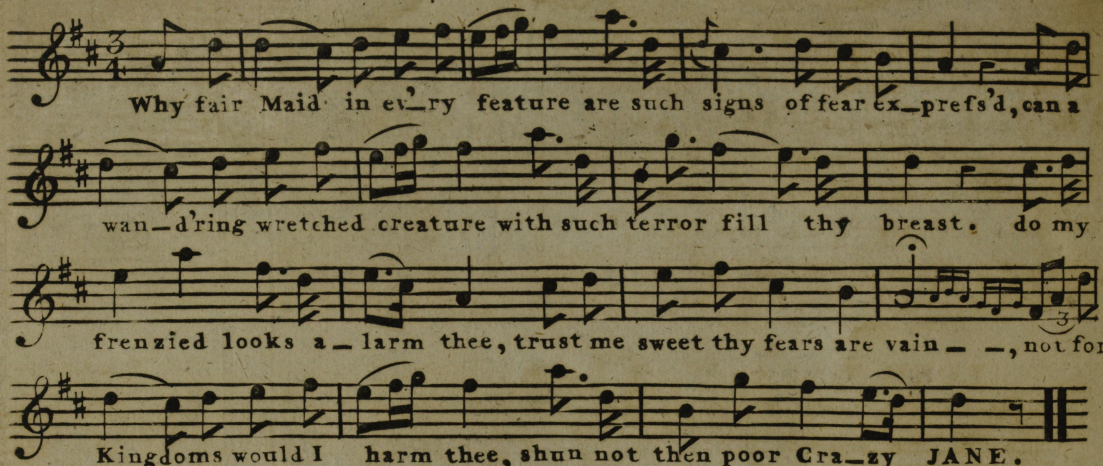


2

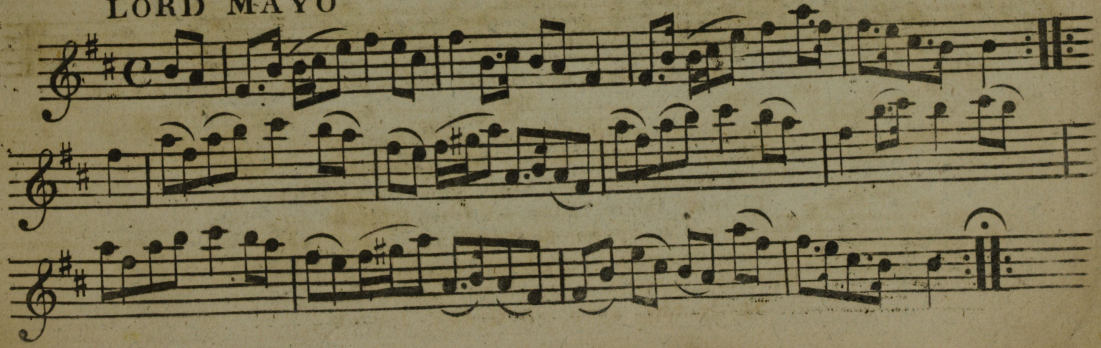
Dost thou weep to see my anguish,
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter sigh and languish,
Think them false—I found them so.
For I lov'd oh! so sincerely,
None could ever love again,
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy JANE!

2

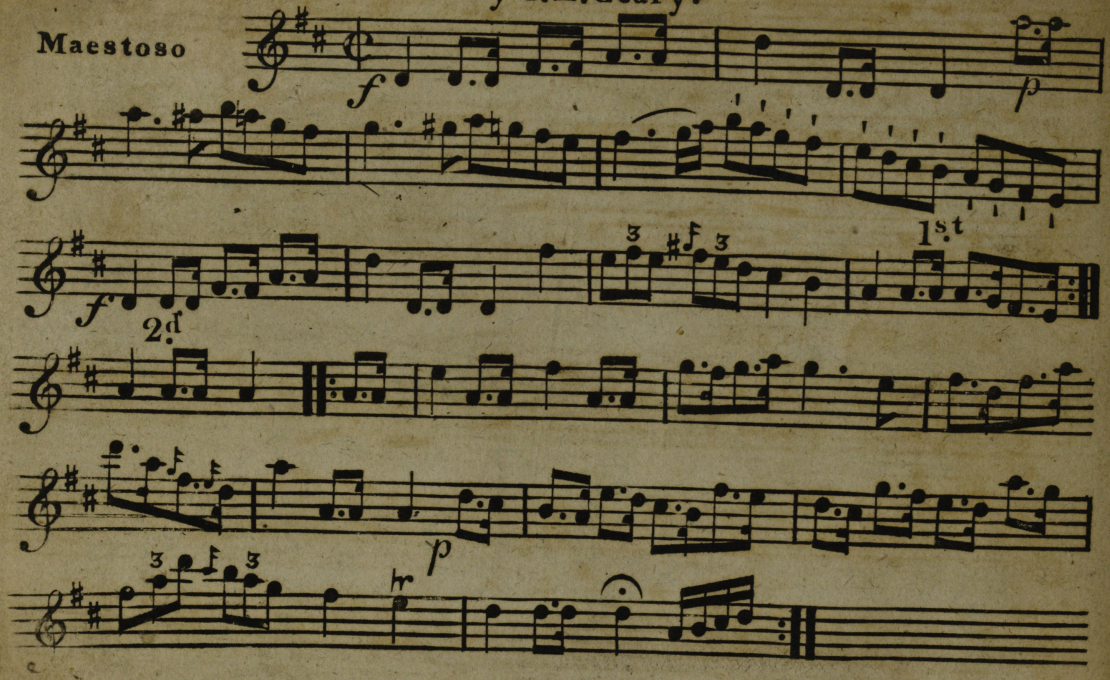
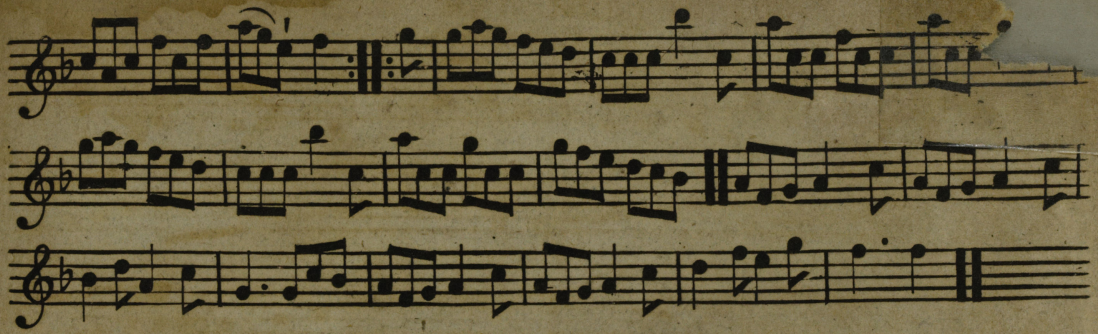
Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believd him,
He was false—and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain,
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy JANE.

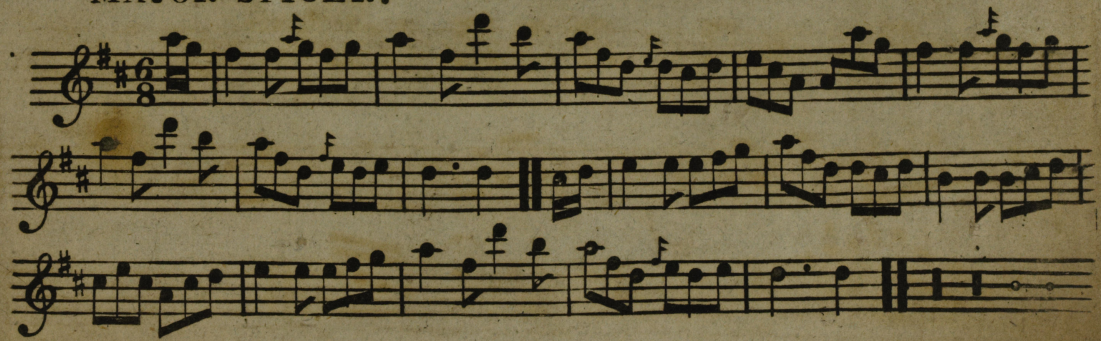
3

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met;
Still I sing my love lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain,
Whilst each pafser—by in pity,
Cries 'God help thee Crazy JANE.'

LORD MAYO

LORD HUTCHESON'S MARCH.

By T. A. Geary.



MAJOR SPICER.

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